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A Fish Story.

In the Chesapeake and her tributary streams, where broadening out to the bay they come, And the great fresh water meets the brine. There swims a fish that is called the drum— A fish of wonderful beauty and force, That bites like a steel-trap and pulls like a horse.

He is heavy of girth at the dorsal fin. But tapering downward, keen and thin; Long as a salmon, if not so stout, And springy and swift as the mountain trout; For often at night, in a sportive mood, He comes to the brim of the moonlit flood, And tosses a glittering curve aloft, Like the silver bow of the god—then soft He plunges deliciously back in the spray, And tremulous circles go spreading away.

Down by the marge of the York's broad stream,

An old darkey lived, of the ancient regime; His laugh was loud, though his lot was low; He loved his old master, and hated his foe. Small and meagre was this old Ned, For many long winters had frosted his head. And bated his force and vigor; But, though his wool all white had become, And his face wrinkled up like a wash-woman's thumb, And his back was bent, he was thought by some,

A remarkably hale old nigger. But he suffered, he said, from a steady attack Of misery in "de head an' pain in de back." Till his old master gave him "his time to himself,"

And the toll-worm old bondsman was laid on the shelf.

Happy old Edward! his labor was done, With nothing to do but sit in the sun, And free to follow his darling wish Of playing his fiddle and catching his fish. He had earned his play-time with labor long And so, like the other Old Ned in the song, He "laid down the shovel and the hoe," And caught up the fiddle and the bow.

Now, I cannot say

That his style of play

Would suit the salons of the present day;

For the *tours de force* of the great Paganini

Have never found favor in "Old Virginny."

He never played a tune that "went slow,"

For he perfectly scorned an *adagio*;

But, with eyes half-closed, and a time-beating toe,

His elbow squared and his resinous bow, Not going up high, nor going down low, But sawing quite steadily just in the middle,

He played by the rule

Of the strictest school

Of the old-fashioned plantation nigger-fiddle.

It happened one Ned went fishing one day,

And out on the blue,

In his dug-out canoe,

He carried his fiddle along to play.

Long he fished with his nicest art;

There came not a nibble to gladden his heart;

So he tied his line to his ankle tight,

To be ready to haul if a fish should bite,

And sipped his fiddle. So sweet did he play

The waves leaped up in a laugh of spray,

And danced and sparkled as if to move

To invisible water-nymphs dancing above.

But slower and slower he drew the bow,

And soft grew the music, soft and low;

The bow-arm stopped, and the melodies;

The last strain melted along the reed;

And Ned, the old fisherman, sunk to sleep.

Just then a huge drum, sent hither by Fate,

Caught a passing gleam of the tempting bait,

And darted upon it with greedy maw,

And ran the hook in his upper jaw.

One terrible jerk of wrath and dread

From the wounded fish as away he sped

With a strength by rage made double,

And into the water went Old Ned—

No time for any "last words" to be said

For the waves settled placidly over his head,

And his last remark was a bubble.

Let us veil the struggle beneath the brine;

Of the darting fish and the tangling line.

The battle, of course, was a short one, since

Old Ned, not gifted with gills or fins,

Down in the deep was as much out of place,

As a mermaid would be in a trotting race;

And motionless soon at the bottom he lay,

As mute as the fiddle that floated away.

They were washed ashore by the heaving tide,

And the fishermen found them side by side,

In a common death, and together bound

In the line that circled them round and round,

So looped and tangled together

That their fate was involved in the dark mystery

Of which was the catcher and which the catfish;

For the fish was hooked hard and fast by the gill,

And the darkey was lassoed around the heel,

And each had died by the other.

The fishermen thought it could never be known,

After all their thinking and figuring,

Whether the nigger a-fishing had gone,

Or the fish had gone a-niggering.

INNES RANDOLPH.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Arcadia Valley Drug Co.

LaBelle France.

GAVARNIE, FRANCE, June 10, 1901.

Dear Friends:—I have enjoyed very much the beauty of Nature in varied phases the last few days. We had a warm, dusty ride on Thursday, an excursion from Angouleme to Loches, where there is a very interesting ruin of an old chateau, built a thousand years ago. The cathedrals and chateaus are cool! the dungeons are cold, we take our jackets down to escape a chill. We get delicious cherries to eat on the train, and observe many things in passing. One large district this side of Bordeaux, had extensive pine forests. The trees were out, and little pails were hanging on them to catch the pitch. There were a number of turpentine manufactories along the road. We have not seen a wooden house or shanty in all this journey across France. In a few instances there have been sheds where buildings were being erected, to shelter men or materials. The interior of the country is much more prosperous than the north or mountain region. This last is picturesque beyond description.

TOULON, July 4, 1901.

We had six o'clock dinner in Marseilles, and arrived here between nine and ten. We start for Nice tomorrow about 8 A. M., and have the pleasant drive along the Riviera in the afternoon. Yesterday I climbed 140 steps in an old tower on an eminence in Nimes, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. The Roman amphitheater, best preserved of any, was across the street from our hotel, visible in the moonlight from our room window. We went to Pont du Gard, a bridge which is a part of a Roman aqueduct, 254 miles long, which supplied Nimes with water. It was built in the time of Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, 19 B. C. It is 880 feet long, 160 feet high, and is composed of three series of arches, 6 and 11 arches of equal span the two lower tiers, and 35 smaller arches span the upper tier. The passage for water is about 3 feet wide, by 8 feet deep. There are huge rocks about; over one climbs an English Ivy. We saw beautiful scarlet pomegranate flowers on the way. The flower most in evidence in this part of the country is the oleander, in various colors, sometimes whole hedges. The olives, abundant the last two or three days, remind me in shape (though more twisty), of our quince trees. Many olives are, of course, large. The leaves are willow like, but of a dingy green, dusty sage green might describe it. The glimpses we caught of the sea on our journey about sunset to-day were entrancing.

At Arignon, where we spent last night, was beautifully shaded by great sycamores. There are long rows of this tree in the streets. Here we saw the Palace of the Popes, fine tomb of John 22d, stores of beautiful ecclesiastical garments of cloth of gold and silk, or velvet brocade, etc., presented by various monarchs, and worn on great occasions. It was at Arignon that Petrarch saw Laura. In the museum, various pictures and busts of them are shown. The only "Fourth" we have had was to salute the flag of an American dentist, as we went to the museum. The weather is delightful—clear with a cool breeze. E. F. MAY.

BLOIS, June 26, 1901.

My Dear Friends:—We got in last night at ten from Paris. Yesterday morning we had a farewell meeting at the Louvre, seeing again the paintings we wanted to see most. Tuesday afternoon we had a lovely drive from three to six, stopping to see Napoleon's tomb, two churches, St. Etienne des Mond, where St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris is buried, and St. Vincent de Paul, where there are beautiful frescoes around the building, in the space that corresponds to the triforium in the Gothic, and last of all going to top of a hill, Mont Martre, that lies 330 feet above the Seine, on the north of the city. They have been building a church there for fifteen years, and it is finished enough to make an imposing sight. It is in Byzantine style, with fine domes. The view of the city we got from the church, was beautiful. Perhaps the loveliest sight we've seen yet, was our view of Notre Dame, that we had Monday night. Some of us went out for a "bus ride after supper, to see the square where the Bastille used to be, then we walked down by the river, out on to the Austerlitz bridge, below the cathedral. The sun was just setting, and the towers of Notre Dame were standing out against the most glorious orange yellow sky.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

We had been traveling, one night in a place through Southwestern France, since we left Paris Tuesday night at 6:30. Tuesday night at Blois, Wednesday at Tours, Thursday at Angouleme, Friday at Pau, Saturday at Gavarnie. At Blois we saw the fine chateau. It is in the court form, and there is a beautiful spiral staircase of carved stone, which leads up to the top of the castle. We saw the room where Marie Antoinette escaped, when she was imprisoned there by her son; the bed room, library and little chapel of Catherine de Medici. In the library were secret closets recently discovered, in which she used to keep poison. The place is shown where the Duke of Guise was assassinated, and the prison where the Duke's brother was killed the following day. It was a round dungeon, and in the floor was a round hole opening into a lower dungeon, into which prisoners were let down. There they were allowed to starve. It was a delightful castle, in spite of these gruesome parts. It has been restored in the old style, the walls painted in the old tapestry patterns. Some of the stone carved fire places were beautiful. The emblems of the old kings were on them in beautiful colors; the knotted rope and ermine were emblems of Ann of Britain, the salamander of Francis I. Blois is on the Loire river, and the view from the fine old bridge is beautiful. The cathedral is interesting. That afternoon we went to another castle twelve miles from Blois. We drove out and enjoyed the ride immensely. The fields in this part of France do not often have fences, and the houses are usually in clusters. There are immense stretches of grain, but in narrow strips, a relic of feudal times. Professor says, when each retainer was answerable to his lord for so many furrows of grain. In the fields we saw men cutting with long, straight handled scythes, the ripe grain or grass, and often women at work loading the two wheeled carts. We drove out to Chambray, where there is another castle, in late renaissance style. The castle was less interesting, because the style was not so quaint, and the rooms were not restored. We left Blois after a fine dinner, and reached Tours between nine and ten, where we spent the night, and looked at the fine cathedral before leaving on an excursion by train to visit out third chateau, the best of all in some ways, Loches. It is a castle which has not been restored at all, and dates back to the eleventh century. It has fortifications, a huge wall that will stand for ages. It is up high, and is not simply one building, but numerous buildings. We climbed way up on top of one of the towers, by means of a winding stair, and obtained a fine view of the surrounding country.

We saw terrible dungeons where various bishops were imprisoned for years. One of them had only one tiny window a foot and one-half high, by four or five inches wide. It was up so high in the wall that you couldn't look out. There were holes worn in the flat surface of the wall and sill, made by their trying to climb up and see out of the window. Another dungeon was behind this one, in which no ray of light entered. The guide told us of one prisoner who lived there six years, and then died. We saw another dark dungeon room, in which a Cardinal lived twelve years in a cage, suspended from the ceiling. The woman who showed us about said that he came out broken in health! There was a bit of justice in the affair, because the Cardinal was the one who invented the cage. There was a secret stairway leading up to the room by which the King came up to visit his prisoner on occasion. There was a small basin out in the stone, in which holy water was put, for the King had to cross himself before coming into the Cardinal's presence. Up in the castle enclosure was a fine little chapel, and rows of linden trees, one horse chestnut tree, the largest I ever saw. It spread out for a hundred feet, I think. Tradition has it that King Francis I. planted it.

July 1st.

We had a lovely trip up to Gavarnie, and now it is Monday, and we are going back to other things, though not away from mountains, for to-night we spend in Carcassonne. We started out ahead of the others Sunday morning to go to the falls, and took the wrong road which went up on a hill. When we saw the people crossing a bridge a mile below us, we started down cross-lots, nearly falling over ourselves on the steep hillsides. The walk is an hour and a half to the falls, according to Baedeker, but we were more, four hours each way. The walk was harder than the Mer de Glace one, I think. I caught up with the others at the falls, and was so glad that I went, because the view is so impressive. We could not get close to the falls, because a thin mist comes out for yards about the place, but we looked up at that fall and

at the surrounding mountains, and fairly trembled at the sight. Occasionally the usual roar of the falls was changed to a duller sound, which we thought was caused by stones falling with the water. The falls are not wide like Niagara, but they are five times as high. Tennyson in "The Lotus Eaters," speaks of mist there as lawn, and it was written in sight of Gavarnie. As we stood there and looked about us, we were in an amphitheater of mountains, and we could count thirteen different falls in different places, some of them like silver threads. The mountains were not all white, but had great stretches of snow in between them, and running up their sides in the low places. We drank out of the glacial streams, which were almost ice cold. In one place the snow was by our path, and we tasted it. Beautiful flowers grew upon the hills, and I pressed some. Alpine roses and a long cluster of white flowers something in the shape of a locust bunch, grows in almost inaccessible places. The call it "Queen of the Pyrenees." They had one in a pot at the hotel. On the table was a stuffed chamois, and we had roast chamois for dinner. It was fine, and the trout that they catch in the rushing streams was delicious. The second night we had ice cream, which was made with mountain snow, I suppose.

CETTE, July 2, 6 P. M.

We are waiting an hour and a half on our way to Nimes. Let me tell you of the interesting things we just saw on a walk. This town is on the Mediterranean, and besides that, there are some canals. We crossed three bridges, and saw fishing boats and boats filled with wine barrels. We saw a number of French soldiers, dressed in Zouave costume, baggy blue trousers and blue jackets, with red turbans. They are in the Algerian service, and are considered the fiercest fighters in the army. The horses wear such heavy collars. The top goes up in the shape of a pointed horn, for two feet or so, and is often decorated with brass or bells. We passed a shop where a man was out in the street pulling the wadded hair that comes out of these huge collars, through a machine that made it light. We saw a boy with a fox fastened to a long rope. Down on the quais we saw the primitive way they have of sawing timber. They had a long beam propped up at each end, four or five feet from the ground. One man stood above and another one below, and they were sawing the timber lengthwise by hand. The sea as we first saw it, was dotted with fishing boats. The day was cool and cloudy, and so the sea was not as blue as I expected it to be. But the scenery is glorious.

Carcassonne is in two parts, the new and old city. The first view of the old city was last night about nine, when we walked out on the old bridge and saw the whole thing outlined against the bright moonlight. This morning after an eight o'clock breakfast, we went all over the place. There is a double row of fortifications about a mile around. The plan of the fortifications dates back to Roman times, later the Visigoths rebuilt part of it, and later still Philip the Bold. We walked around the inner fortifications, a fine walk, occasionally climbing one of the fifty towers that are incorporated in the walls. The view of the Pyrenees and other mountains in every degree of blue and purple haze, was beyond description.

CLARA MAY.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holliday, of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by Arcadia Valley Drug Co.

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THEIR HUSBANDS SOON DIED.

Women in Europe Who Brought Speedy Death to Their Conjugal Mates.

Of course, there are none in this enlightened age—or few, at least—who believe in "the evil eye," yet there have been circumstances in life that seem to bear out the idea that certain persons bring ill fortune to those with whom they are intimate. Not long ago there died at Naples a woman named Baldi, who at the time of her decease was in her fifth widowhood. Although well to do and a very attractive woman, she had been unable to induce anyone to again make her a wife, for five husbands had all come to untimely ends—the first three by drowning, the fourth through being thrown from a horse and the fifth from a railway accident. In January, of the present year, a man named Chaudouss, of Luxy, near Yverdon, hanged himself. He was his wife's fifth husband, his four predecessors having likewise met with tragic deaths. The first hanged himself, the second was burned to death, the third committed suicide by drowning, and the fourth followed the example of the first.

A Mme. Fenard, who died some few years back in the neighborhood of Brussels, had been five times left a widow—an event that on each occasion had been brought about by the hand of others. Her first husband, whom she married in America, was fatally stabbed in a gambling saloon; her second, an Austrian, was found bludgeoned to death in a suburb of Vienna; her third, of the same nationality, was drowned while out yachting; her fourth, a Frenchman, was shot by a burglar, whom he was endeavoring to capture, and her fifth, a Belgian, was found drowned, marks on the body pointing to violence.

Still more extraordinary is the matrimonial career of a Mexican woman named Senora Rey Castillo, who, within the comparatively brief period of 15 years, lost no fewer than seven husbands, all of whom had met with violent death. Her first was killed in a carriage accident, her second was accidentally poisoned, her third lost his life in a mine explosion, her fourth was killed while hunting, her fifth succumbed to a fall from a scaffold and her seventh was drowned.

But perhaps the strangest case falling within our present category is that vouchered for by Dr. Durrier, a physician practicing in Paris at the end of the eighteenth century. A woman, whom he calls Mme. C., was wedded eight times and on the eight occasions died as a consequence of widow by reason of her husband's meeting their death while in a state of somnambulism. Six fell from the parapet or windows of her house, while of the remaining two one was run over while walking in a state of trance through the street, and the other met his death by drowning. What made the case more mysterious was that previous to marriage none of these men had ever shown any indication of being a sleep walker.

EFFECT OF DRY SHAVING.

A Custom That Is Said to Have Made the Chinese a Beardless Race.

"Dry shaving has been a blessing to China, and in less than 300 years has almost removed beards from the faces of the men of the empire," observed an intelligent Chinaman to a Washington Star reporter. "Originally the Chinese had very heavy beards. This is easily verified by an examination of any of the old prints of Chinamen, for all of them show long-bearded men. In time people found out that there was no particular use for a beard, and that the wearing of it was expensive, outside of the time actually occupied in trimming or shaving it. How many Americans of to-day are forced to spend several hours a week in a barber's chair? Many men that I know, Americans and Europeans as well, spend 20 minutes in the barber's chair every day."

"The Chinaman of the olden times, the kind of Chinaman who figures as a pirate in your prints, for the good Chinaman never seems to have got his picture in your books at all, until within the last 50 years at least, always wears a long beard in reality as well as in pictures. But even he found out that there was no necessity for it